A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THOMAS JONES,

A Life-guard-man,

AND

JOHN SMITH,

Late a Serjeant in the Firſt Regiment of Foot-Guards,

Juſt returned from *Flanders.*

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A

Dialogue, &c.

Jones.

WHAT are you here, *Tom*, is it you?

Smith.

Yes, faith, here am I, all that's left on me.

Jones.

Why you ſeem to be as whole as when I left you after the Battle of *Dettingen.*

Smith.

Yes, I have ſcaped ſcot-free, *Jack*, and I can tell you I was none of the Flinchers.

Jones.

That I dare ſwear. But how long have you been come? Let's talk together.

Smith.

Why, faith I came with the laſt embarkation; and ſince have got my friends to purchaſe a diſcharge. But let's go and have a tankard of porter together, and I'll anſwer any queſtion you ſhall ask me.

Jones.

With all my heart as far as

teſte

teſter will go. But pray tell me how you came to quit the army.

Smith.

'Sblood, becauſe no man of honour will ſtay it now; I had rather black ſhoes upon the parade than wear a cockade.

Jones.

Why, what the d---l is the matter now; you told me when you and I parted, that you would fight blood up to the ears, if the ----- was but there.

Smith.

So I would then; for there was not a better man living in the world than he was at that time: But now he is a d---l.

Jones.

In what? he is what you wanted him to be. Is he not your C-----n G-----l?

Smith.

Yes he is. But curſe the hour that made him ſo, I ſay.

Jones.

But what is the matter with him?

Smith.

Matter ---- Matter enough ---- for ever ſince he has had this high command, he is grown one of the proudeſt, haughtieſt, good-for-nothing jackanapes that ever lived, and uſes us like ſcoundrels.

Jones.

Jones.

Ay, *Jack*, you know I foretold all this.

Smith.

But I did not believe it; for then he behaved like an *Engliſh-man* to us: For don't you remember how we were uſed after the battle of *Det-----n*; how we were ſtarving, while the *H-------ns* lived in plenty.

Jones.

Yes, and who put on a yellow ſaſh that day in honour to them.

Smith.

Well, and don't you remember ow the ----- went himſelf, and dered us proviſion, when the -----s had got poſſeſſion of it, and

and ſwore they would not part with it.

Jones.

That's true; but I told you then, it was only a ſcheme for him to get in favour with the *E----ſh*, that they might veſt the ſole command of the army in him, and then you would ſee an alteration.

Smith.

Why, faith, ſo you did; but who the d---l would have thought he had ſo much deceit in him.

Jones.

You ſee I did.

Smith.

Yes; and you and I were going to fight about him; but d--n them that fights for him ſay I,

now he's full of nothing but ambition.

Jones.

And take my word for it he will know no bounds neither; for it is an old saying, and I always thought a very true one, set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the d--l.

Smith.

Why, faith, every body knows what they were before they came here; so there it hits right: and they shall all go there before I'll serve them again.

Jones.

But, *Jack*, they tell me he is as fond of the *H*-------*s* as ever his f---r was.

Smith.

Smith.

So he is, and will do any thing to protect them, I assure you.

Jones.

Well, you have had as fine doings in *Flanders* since he commanded as we had in *Germany*, when his father commanded; but would his ambition never condescend to an *E---ſh* G----l's opinion in a council of war.

Smith.

To an *E----ſh* G----l; no, no, *Tom*, nor a *H----n* G----l neither; for he is so puffed up with self-conceit, that he thinks no body's opinion so good as his own.

Jones.

Jones.

His f----r would to an *H-----n*, if he would not to an *E---ſh---n*.

Smith.

But he'll liſten to nobody; you might as well beat reaſon into a parrot, as into him.

Jones.

But did not he call a council of war before the battle of *Fontenoy*.

Smith.

Yes; but what then, he rejected every thing that was propoſed, if it was contrary to his opinion; for it was thought by our g-----ls a thing not practicable to attack the *French* as they were intrenched up to the chin, without ſacrificing the whole army. But up gets he, and with a

roaring voice cries, Sir, I am your commanding officer, and I will be obeyed.

Jones.

Faith, you are all rightly ſerved; you was ſo fond of the ----- that nothing but the ------ would go down with you, ſo I am glad of it.

Smith.

Ay, *Tom*, poor g----l ----- foreſaw all this. Says he, when he was carried away after his leg was ſhot off, *Gentlemen, I have received my death in defence of my country, therefore die ſatisfied. But this day will never bring honour to* E-----d. *But I hope you will all behave like true* E---ſh---n, *tho' you are ſacrificed to a boy's pleaſure.*

Jones

Jones.

He was a brave officer as ever commanded.

Smith.

And as good a ſoul as ever lived, for humanity, charity, and generoſity. Poor man! I think I ſee him now with tears in his eyes, bewailing the fate of us and *E----d.*

Jones.

That was a fatal day indeed; but what did he ſay when it was over; what excuſe could he make for ſacrificing ſo many lives.

Smith.

None at all, nor troubled he his head about it: But the firſt place of ſafety he came at, ſaid he was tired, and ſo went to bed.

Jones.

He had his humour, and that was enough; but did he not desire to see you the next day.

Smith.

Yes, yes; and you may guess what a pretty figure we made after we had lain in the rain all night; for our tents and baggage were gone the d----l knows where.

Jones.

What did he say, when he saw you in that deplorable condition?

Smith.

He mounts his horse, and rides through the ranks, with a lofty air, then gives his long tail a shake, and says, the troops are in high spirits.

Jones.

What can you expect from ſuch a boy.

Smith.

Expect: 'sblood he might have ſaid ſomething, if it was but he was ſorry for our bad ſucceſs: Inſtead of which, the next thing he did was to order our enſign under arreſt, and had a guard placed over him, for raiſing the colours before his horſe's tail had paſſed them.

Jones.

A pretty commander truly! but has he behaved in this manner ever ſince.

Smith.

Ever ſince, I aſſure you; for he took a delight to order us under arms,

arms, that he might have the honours of C----n G----l paid him.

Jones.

That's what he does to us here in *England*: for he takes delight in coming thro' the *H---e-G---d*, that we may be under arms to pay homage. I ſuppoſe we are finely talked on by the *French*.

Smith.

We are looked upon as fools by them. There was a ſpy taken one day, and brought to the ----'s tent: "Well, who are you," ſays the ---- "A *French* officer, and a gentle- "man," replied he in broken *Engliſh*. "Sir", ſays the ----, "do you "know you are before the k--- of "*E*-----'s ſ--n, and C-----n G----l

" of this army" " Yes, ſir, reply'd " he, more ſhame for the *E----ſh*, " to make a boy commander, who " is more fit to be at School, than " an officer."

Jones.

How did he like that?

Smith.

As the toad in the fable liked to ſee the ox that was ſo much bigger than herſelf, and ſwelled till ſhe burſt; only it had not the ſame effect.

Jones.

It would have been no matter if it had. I ſuppoſe you was glad to get rid on him laſt ſummer, when he came to *E-----d.*

Smith.

Smith.

Yes, faith were we; for that was a joyful day to us.

Jones.

But it had like to have been a ſorrowful one to us.

Smith.

What did the d---l put in his head when he came here?

Jones.

Only to break our troop.

Smith.

What could he mean by that.

Jones.

He could not bear to ſee his f--- guarded grander than himſelf.

Smith.

But what did the L-----s of th R-----y ſay?

Jone

Jones.

They abſolutely refuſed it; as they did making of him L--d H--h A-----l of *E*------*d*.

Smith.

Did his ambition catch at that.

Jones.

Indeed did it; and at greater ſtill.

Smith.

What's that?

Jones.

It's in moſt people's opinion the ---, *Jack.*

Smith.

The d---l! but how does he catch at that?

Jones.

His conſcience tells him, he has

not behaved ſo well to the army as he ought, and thinks they won't eſpouſe his cauſe without force; therefore has brought a bill into P--------t to compel all officers on half pay and full pay, both in the army and navy, to be ſubject to his command, whenever he pleaſes. Then it is thought when his F----r dies, to catch at the ----.

Smith.

Oh! the ambitious dog.

Jones.

Nay, ſome people think if this bill paſſes, he won't ſtay till his F----r dies.

Smith.

Upon my word I ſhould be very ſorry to truſt him. They may talk

of

of their devils, their popes, and their pretenders; but we had better to have them all than him ----.

Jones.

It is in my opinion ſo: ---- but there's the trumpet ſounds; I muſt go and relieve guard, ſo farewel till we meet again.

FINIS.

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Yours.

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FINIS.